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THE

UNIVERSAL SONGSTER.

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SONGS OF THE DAY.

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THE DOMINION PORTFOLIO CO.,

496 St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

LP M 1628 U58 t

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Twenty-five Cents,

DOMINION PORTFOLIO CO.,

96 St. James St.,

MONTREAL.

1.00
2266

KISS ME, MOTHER, KISS YOUR DARLING.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—

I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
Brighter seems the other shore;
I am standing by the river,
Angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lay my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling.
Breathe a blessing on my brow,
For I'll soon be with the angels—
Fainter grows my breath, e'en now,
Tell the loved ones not to murmur;
Say I died our Flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly
In the soldier's honored grave.—*Chorus.*

Oh! how dark this world is growing—
Hark! I hear the angel band—
How I long to join their number,
In that fair and happy land!
Hear you not that heavenly music,
Floating near, so soft and low?
I must leave you—farewell, mother!
Kiss me once before I go.—*Chorus*

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I'LL BE ALL SMILES TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

I'll deck my brow with roses,
The loved one may be there,
The gems that others gave me,
Will shine within my hair.
And even them that know me,
Will think my heart is light,
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.

CHORUS.

I'll be all smiles to-night, love,
I'll be all smiles to-night,
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night!

And when the room he entered
The bride upon his arm,
I stood and gazed upon him
As if he were a charm.
So once he smiled upon her,
So once he smiled on me,
They know not what I've suffered,
They found no change in me.—*Chorus.*

And when the dance commences,
Oh! how I will rejoice;
I'll sing the song he taught me
Without one faltering voice.
When flatterers come around me,
They will think my heart is light.
Though my heart will break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.—*Chorus.*

And when the dance is over,
And all have gone to rest,
I'll think of him, dear mother,
The one that I love best.
He once did love, believe me,
But now has grown cold and strange;
He sought not to deceive me,
False friends have brought this change.—*Chorus.*

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dew-drops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the message it bears,
To bring you a kiss of affection and say:
I remember you, love, in my prayers.

CHORUS.

Go where you will—on land or at sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside and pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me,
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips,
When you told me how true you would be;
I know not if Fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember you, love, in my prayers.—*Chorus.*

When heavenly angels are guarding the good
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you,
And may its bright spirit be with you through life
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs;
And meet with the one who has loved you so true,
And remember you, love, in her prayers.—*Chorus.*

IN DE EVENING BY DE MOONLIGHT.

In de evening by de moonlight,
When dis darkey's work was over,
We would gather round de fire
'Till de hoe-cake it was done ;
Den we all would eat our suppers.
After dat we'd clear de kitchen,
Dat's de only time we had to spare
To have a little fun.
Uncle Gabe would take de fiddle down
Dat hung upen de wall,
While de silver moon was shining clear and' bright ;
How de old folks would enjoy it,
Dey would sit and listen all de night,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

CHORUS.

In de evening by de moonlight
You could hear us darkies singing,
In de evening by de moonlight
You could hear de banjo ringing,
How de old folks would enjoy it.
Dey would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in de evening by de moonlight.

In de evening by de moonlight,
When de watch-dog would be sleeping ;
In de corner by de fireplace,
Beside de old armchair,
Where Aunt Chloe used to sit
And tell the picaninnies stories,
And de cabin would be filled
With merry coons from far and near,
All dem happy times we used to have
Will ne'er return again ;
Everything was den so merry, gay and bright.
And I never will forget it,
Just as long as I remember,
How we sang in de evening by de moonlight.—*Chorus.*

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

I've gwine back to Dixie—

No more I've gwine to wander ;

My heart's turned back to Dixie—

I can't stay here no longer,

I miss de old plantation,

My home and my relation ;

My heart's turned back to Dixie,

And I must go.

CHORUS.

I've gwine back to Dixie,

I've gwine back to Dixie,

I've gwine where de orange blossoms grow ;

For I hear de children calling,

I see their sad tears falling,

My heart's turned back to Dixie,

And I must go.

I've been in de cotton,

I've been on de river ;

I used to be got off,

I'd go back, no never ;

But time has changed de old man

His head is bending low,

His heart's turning back to Dixie,

And he must go.—Chorus.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie—

My step is slow and feeble ;

I pray de Lord to help me,

And lead me from all evil ;

And should my strength forsake me,

Den, kind friends, come and take me ;

My heart's turned back to Dixie,

And I must go.—Chorus.

HANDFUL OF TURF.

AS SUNG BY EDWARD BURTON.

It's sailing I am at the dawn of the day,
To my brother that's over the sea,
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For it's breaking my poor heart will be.
But a treasure I'll take, for ould Ireland's sake,
That I'll prize all belonging above—
It's a handful of turf from the land of my birth,
From the heart of the land that I love.

CHORUS.

It's a handful of turf from the land of my birth,
From the heart of the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad,
When he sees the brave present I bring,
And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours,
In the warmth of the beautiful spring.
Oh! Erin, Machree! tho' it's parting we be,
It's a blessing I leave on your shore,
And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams,
Till I cross to my country once more.

CHORUS.

And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams,
Till I cross to my country once more.

THE GATES AJAR.

Gone beyond the darksome river,
Only left us by the way ;
Gone beyond the night forever,
Only gone to endless day.
Gone to meet the angel faces,
Where our lovely treasures are ;
Gone awhile from our embraces,
Gone within the gates ajar !

QUARTETTE.

There's a sister, there's a brother,
Where our lovely treasures are ;
There's a father, there's a mother,
Gone within the gates ajar.

One by one they go before us,
They are fading like the dew ;
But we know they are watching o'er us,
They—the good, the fair, the true.
They are waiting for us only,
Where no pain can ever mar ;
Little ones who left us lonely,
Watch us thro' the gates ajar !

There's a sister, there's a, etc.

Gone where every eye is tearless,
Only gone from earthly care ;
Oh ! the waiting, sad and cheerless,
'Till we meet our loved ones there.
Sweet the rest from all our roving,
Land of light and hope afar ;
Lo ! our Father's hand so loving,
Sets the pearly gates ajar !

There's a sister, there's a, etc.

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue ;
In his lonely grave, unknown, lies the heart that beat so true ;
He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonely, within his nameless grave.

CHORUS.

No more the bugle calls the weary one :
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown :
I shall find you and know you among the good and true,
Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried : " Give me water and just one little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come ;
Oh ! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue ! "

No more the bugle calls, etc.

" Oh ! " he said, " my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother ; she will find it if she comes,
I fear she will not know me, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls, etc.

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue eyes,
And no gentle one was nigh him to give him sweet replies,
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of blue.

No more the bugle calls, etc.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

I'm a jovial collier lad,
And blithe as blithe can be,
For let the times be good or bad
They're all the same to me,
'Tis little of the world I know
And care less for its ways,
For where the dog-star never glows
I wear away my days.

CHORUS.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds all the season round.
Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny hard,
And black with working in the vein,
And like the clothes upon my back
My speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue,
I've one excuse to say,
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
'Tis the head that goes astray.—*Chorus.*

At every shift, be it soon or late,
I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my kindred wait
And watch for my return;
For death that levels all alike,
Whate'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike
And fling his darts at me.—*Chorus.*

How little do the great ones care
Who sit at home secure,
What hidden danger colliers dare,
What hardships they endure;
The very fires their mansions boast,
To cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost
Of jovial colliers' lives.—*Chorus.*

Then cheer up, lads, and make ye
Much of every joy ye can;
But let your mirth be always such
As best becomes a man;
However fortune turns about
We'll still be jovial souls,
For what would America be
Without the lads that look for coals?—*Chorus.*

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Why, Dermot, you look healthy, now your dress is neat and clean ;
I never see you drunk about, oh ! tell where you've been ;
Your wife and family are all well, you once did use them strange,
Oh ! you are kinder to them ; how came this happy change ?

It was a dream, a warning voice, which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse, grim want and misery ;
My wages were all spent in drink ; oh ! what a wretched view ;
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children, too.

What was my home or wife to me ? I heeded not her sigh ;
Her patient smile has welcomed me when tears bedimmed her eye ;
My children, too, have oft awoke ; " Oh ! father, dear," they've said,
" Poor mother has been weeping so, because we've had no bread."

My Mary's form did waste away—I saw her sunken eye—
On straw my babes in sickness laid—I heard their wailing cry ;
I laughed and sung in drunken joy, while Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast, I fell asleep—and had this warning dream :

I thought once more I stagger'd home ; there seemed a solemn gloom ;
I missed my wife, where can she be ? and strangers in the room ;
I heard them say, " Poor thing, she's dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want have broken her heart ; who'd be a drunkard's wife ?"

I saw my children weeping round ; I scarcely drew my breath,
They called and kissed her lifeless form, forever stilled in death.
" Oh ! father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead,
Oh ! make her smile, and speak once more, we'll never cry for bread."

" She is not dead," I frantic cried, and rushed to where she lay,
And madly kissed her once warm lips, forever cold as clay ;
" Oh ! Mary, speak one word to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again."

" Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermot calls !" " Why, so I do !" she cried ;
I awoke, and true, my Mary dear was kneeling by my side ;
I pressed her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven bless'd for sending me that dream.

DARLING BESSIE OF THE LEA.

Oh! I wander mid the roses,
In the golden Summer time,
And listen to the streamlet,
While it rings a merry chime,
But far sweeter than the roses,
Or the streamlet unto me,
The sun-bright face of Bessie,
Darling Bessie of the lea.

CHORUS.

Oh! she is the sweetest flower
Ever sent to comfort me;
Pure and gentle as an angel,
Darling Bessie of the lea.
Yes, she is the sweetest flower
Ever sent to comfort me;
I love that little fairy,
Darling Bessie of the lea.

Not a bird in all the wild wood
But will answer to her call;
Oh! most I love the twilight
When the pearly dew-drops fall,
Then she meets me in the valley,
And she kindly welcomes me—
My bonnie star of evening,
Darling Bessie of the lea.—*Chorus.*

Oh! the honey-bee may linger
Where the buds and blossoms grow,
The gentle breeze of Summer
In its fragrance come and go!
But they all will pass unheeded,
For wherever she may be,
My heart is full of Bessie,
Darling Bessie of the lea.—*Chorus.*

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Smile your brightest, sweetest smile ;
Keep the joyous twinkle beaming
In your bright eyes all the while.
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Drive each shadow from your brow,
Be again the heart's sweet treasure—
Don't be angry, darling, now.

CHORUS.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Drive away that look of pain ;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Smile your sweetest smile again.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Keep the tear back from your eye
'Twas a friendly, timely warning,
Given for the days gone by.
Not for worlds would I distress you,
Cast one cloud upon your brow ;
Let not, then, my words depress you—
Don't be angry, darling, now.

CHORUS.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Drive away that look of pain ;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Smile your sweetest smile again.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME ?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me ?
 'Twould be an assurance most dear,
 To know that this moment some loved one,
 Were saying, "I wish he was here :"
 To feel that the group at the fireside
 Were thinking of me as I roam,
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
 To know that they miss'd me at home,
 To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
 That ever is sacred to song,
 Does some one repeat my name over,
 And sigh that I tarry so long ?
 And is there a chord in the music
 That's miss'd when my voice is away ?
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh
 Regret at my wearisome stay ?
 Regret at my wearisome stay ?

Do they sit me a chair near the table,
 When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
 When candles are lit in the parlor,
 And the stars in the calm azure sky ?
 And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
 And all lay them down to their sleep,
 Do they think of absent, and waft me
 A whisper'd "good-night," while they weep ?
 A whisper'd "good-night," while they weep ?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
 At morning, at noon, or at night ?
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them
 That only my presence can light ?
 Are joys less invitingly welcome,
 And pleasures less hale than before,
 Because one is miss'd from the circle,
 Because I am with them no more ?
 Because I am with them no more ?

DO NOT HEED HER WARNING

ANSWER TO "THE GIPSY'S WARNING."

Lady, do not heed her warning—
Trust me, thou shalt find me true;
Constant as the light of morning,
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish,
In this world of storm and blast—
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night;
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark-green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps—
In the morn, a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours—
Lady, he's no heartless ranger;
For, he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning—
Lay thy soft white hand in mine;
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Sung with great success by Story and DeCoursoy, in their Sketch,
entitled, "The Old Virginny Home," at Tony Pastor's
Theatre, N. Y.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and tatooes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day, in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

CHORUS.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and tatooes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There let me live, 'till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
Massa and Missus have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

CHORUS.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the corn and tatooes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

COME HOME, FATHER.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out, the house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me—
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat, as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers?
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
Come quickly, or he will be gone!
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!—*Chorus.*

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me!
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light,
And these were the very last words that he said:
I want to kiss papa good night.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!—*Chorus.*

21105 COME, BIRDIE, COME

Beautiful bird of Spring has come,
Seeking a place to build his home,
Warbling his song so light and free,
Beautiful bird, come live with me.
Come live with me; you shall be free,
If you will come and live with me.
Come live with me, you shall be free;
Beautiful bird, come live with me.
I'm all alone;
Come live with me,
Come live with me.

CHORUS.

Come, birdie, come live with me,
We will be happy, light and free;
You shall be all the world to me;
Come birdie, come and live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing,
Many a thought of loved ones bring,
Hovering around your tiny nest,
Calling your loved ones home to rest.
Oh! happy bird, no thought of care,
No aching heart, no grief to bear,
Over the land, over the sea,
Come, change your home, and live with me.
Come change your home,
No more to roam;
Come change your home.—*Chorus.*

Birdie, what makes you fly away,
When I come near you? tell me, pray;
I'll not deceive you, you are free,
If you should come and live with me.
Now, birdie, fly, fast to the sky,
To your sweet home, for night is nigh;
And when the sun shines o'er the lea,
Bring thy sweet mate and live with me.
Then we will sing,
Daylight to bring;
Then we will sing.—*Chorus.*

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven;
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three bonnie perches play.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven;
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven
The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

I'm the father of a bouncing boy,
He looks just like his pa ;
He's the picture of his mammy,
And the image of his dada.
He was eight months old the other day—
He is a noble youth ;
We have been almost crazy since
He got his first front tooth.

CHORUS.

George, dear, George, dear,
Can't you guess the truth ?
George, dear, George, dear,
Bless the little youth ;
Do get up and light the fire,
Turn the gas a little higher,
Go and tell your aunt MaMa
Baby's got a tooth.

I went home late the other night,
And soon was sound asleep,
When suddenly I was awake
By sounds that made me weep ;
My wife she grabbed me by the arm
And says, get up, you brute,
The pride and joy of all of us
Has got a nice front tooth.—*Chorus.*

Now married men take my advice :
When first you do get wed,
Don't ever try to go to sleep,
Don't ever go to bed ;
But to save yourself from trouble of
The darling little pet,
Don't wait until it gets a tooth—
But buy it a nice false set.—*Chorus.*

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

By the sad sea waves
I listen, while they moan
A lament o'er graves
Of hope and pleasure gone ;
I was young, I was fair,
I had once not a care
From the rising of the morn
To the setting of the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave.

CHORUS.

Come again, bright days,
Of hope and pleasure gone ;
Come again, bright days,
Come again, come again.

From my care, last night,
By holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream-light
My home upon me smiled,
Oh ! how sweet, mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew
Breathed a gentle welcome back
To the worn and weary child !
I wake in my grave,
By the sad sea wave.

CHORUS.

Come again, dear dream,
So peacefully that smiled ;
Come again, dear dream,
Come again, come again.

BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

By the borders of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
For to hear those warlike songsters,
Their cheerful notes and sweetly tune;
I overheard a female talking,
Who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte,
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Then up steps young Napoleon,
And takes his mother by the hand,
Saying, mother dear, have patience
Until I am able to command,
Then I will take an army,
Through tremendous dangers I will go;
In spite of all the universe
I will conquer the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

He took five hundred thousand men,
With kings likewise to bear his train—
He was so well provided for
That he could sweep this world alone.
But when he came to Moscow,
He was overpowered by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a blazing,
So he lost his bonny bunch of roses, oh.

O son, don't speak so venturesome,
For in England are the hearts of oak;
There is England, Ireland, Scotland,
Their unity was never broke.
O son, think on thy father—
On the Isle of St. Helena his body lies low,
And you must soon follow after him,
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Now do believe me, dearest mother,
Now I lie on my dying bed;
If I had lived, I had been clever,
But now I droop my youthful head,
But whilst our bodies lie mouldering,
And weeping willows over our bodies grow,
The deeds of the great Napoleon
Shall sting the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

BONNY ELOISE.

Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
On its clear, winding way to the sea,
And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides
Is this bright, rolling river to me;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms when others all fail,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Oh, sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny hour,
That bespangle the gay valley o'er,
And dear are the friends seen through memory's fond tears
That have lived in the blest days of yore;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms when others all fail,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Oh, sweet are the moments when, dreaming, I roam
Through my loved haunts now mossy and gray,
And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home,
That is crumbling now slowly away;
But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms when others all fail,
Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

BANJO NOW HANGS SILENT ON THE DOOR.

Oh! de old home is sad now and dreary,
De darkies sing about de place no more,
Dey have all gone from de old plantation—
De banjo now hangs silent on de door;
Oh! it's all dat remains of de children,
Of de ones dat have cherished me, so dear—so dear,
And no more will I hear deir voices singing
De good old songs my heart rejoiced to hear.

CHORUS.

Oh! de old home is sad now and dreary,
De darkies sing about de place no more—no more,
Dey have all gone from de old plantation—
De banjo now hangs silent on de door.

Oh! but time makes me fondly remember,
At evening when de toiling day was done,
How de folks used to sing and play de banjo,
For trouble in those good times we had none;
But deir forms in de grave now lie sleeping,
So dear to me in the happy days of yore—of yore;
And I'm left here alone all day weeping—
De banjo now hangs silent on de door.—*Chorus.*

Now old age has come on, and I'm weary,
De few locks dat are left me are quite gray;
Round de farm ev'ry day I am wandering,
Yes, wandering, for I soon must pass away;
So you'll please listen now and remember,
When de poor colored man shall be no more—no more,
Take good care, kind friends, and part with never,
De banjo hanging on de cabin door.—*Chorus.*

BABY MINE.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine—baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me;
Baby mine—baby mine;
He is coming back to me;
Baby mine.

Oh! I long to see his face,
Baby mine—baby mine;
In his old accustomed place,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
Baby mine—baby mine,
I'm so happy, I could weep,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine—baby mine,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA.

The yarn I'm about to spin
Is all on account of Eliza ;
I'll tell you how I was taken in,
All on account of Eliza.

She said that she'd ever be true to one,
But she bolted away with a son-of-a-gun,
So I cut my stick and to sea I run,
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza ;
He cut his stick and to sea he run,
All on account of Eliza.

I've been nearly blown away in a gale,
All on account of Eliza ;
And I've almost been eaten up by a whale,
All on account of Eliza.

I've had sword-cuts by dozens, and I've been shot through,
I've had the yellow fever and also the blue ;
I've been bitten by sharks, and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza ;
He's been bitten by sharks, and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.

My duty is now smart lads to press,
All on account of Eliza ;
If they say "No," why I say "Yes,"
All on account of Eliza.

So look up, my messmates, some boys for the sea,
And if to your summons they do not agree,
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell 'em for me,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza ;
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell 'em, says he,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

I've courted the ladies all through my life,
All on account of Eliza ;
But never could steer to the proper wife,
All on account of Eliza.

I've kiss'd and I've hugg'd them in ev'ry port,
The fat and the lean, the tall and the short ;
But somehow or other they was'nt my sort.
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza ;
But somehow or other they was'nt his sort,
All on account of Eliza.

A VIOLET FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Scenes of my childhood arise before my gaze,
Bringing recollections of bygone happy days,
When down in the meadow in childhood I would roam ;
No one's left to cheer me now within that good old home.
Father and mother they have passed away,
Sister and brother now lay beneath the clay ;
But while life does remain, to cheer me I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Only a violet I plucked when but a boy,
And oft'times when I'm sad at heart, this flow'r has given me joy ;
But while life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

Well I remember my dear old mother's smile,
As she used to greet me when I returned from toil ;
Always knitting in the old arm chair,
Father used to sit and read for all us children there.
But now all is silent around the good old home.
They have left me in sorrow here to roam ;
While life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Only a violet I plucked when but a boy,
And oft'times when I'm sad at heart, this flow'r has giv'n me joy ;
But while life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

AVE.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground,

When the Autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cayse he was so weak and old,
Now de orange tree am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Down in de cornfield, &c.

Massa make de darkies lub him,
'Cayse he was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him,
Mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
'Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de ole banjo.

Down in de cornfield, &c.

MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh ! give me back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest ;
Hear my vow, before I go,
My life, my life, I love thee !

By those tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids, whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes, like the rose,
My life, my life, I love thee !

Maid of Athens, I am gone—
Think of me, sweet, when alone,
Though I fly to Istamboul,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
My life, my life, I love thee !

LARDY DAH!

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY TONY PASTOR.

Let me introduce a fellah ! lardy dah !
A fellah who's a swell, ah ! lardy dah !
Tho' small the cash he drew, yet
The week he struggles thro' it,
For he knows the way to do it, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
For he knows the way to do the "lardy dah !"

CHORUS.

He wears a penny flower in his coat, lardy dah !
And a penny paper collar round his throat, lardy dah !
In his hand a penny stick,
In his tooth a penny pick,
And a penny in his po ket, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
And a penny in his pocket, lardy dah !

He is something in an office, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
And he quite the city toff is, lardy dah !
He cuts a swell so fine, oh !
He quite forgets to dine, oh !
For he blows in all his "Rino," lardy dah ! lardy dah !
For he blows in all his "Rino," lardy dah ! lardy dah !—*Chorus*

When he's been out every night, ah ! lardy dah ! lardy dah !
His luncheon's very slight, ah ! lardy dah !
His Paris diamonds cle-ah,
Look indeed a little quee-ah,
With his sandwich and his be-ah, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
With his sandwich and his be-ah, lardy dah ! lardy dah !—*Chorus*

His shirt is very "tricky," lardy dah ! lardy dah !
It's a pair of cuffs, and dickey, lardy dah !
His boots are patent leather,
But they never stand wet weather,
For they're paper, glued together, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
They are paper, glued together, lardy dah !—*Chorus*.

His chain is true a snide 'un, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
And his watch an oroide 'un, lardy dah !
And if hair oil were abolished,
This swell would be demolished,
For his hat would not be polished, lardy dah ! lardy dah !
For his hat would not be polished, lardy dah !—*Chorus*.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little brown hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum—
Tell you what it is, don't we have fun!

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! 'tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha! ha! ha! 'tis you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her twenty times a day.—*Chorus.*

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes;
But, seeing you are near my nose,
"Tip her up and down she goes!"—*Chorus.*

When I go tolling on my farm,
Take little brown jug under my arm,
Sit it under some shady tree—
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!—*Chorus.*

Then came the landlord tripping in,
Round top hat and peaked chin;
In his hand he carried a can,
Says I: old fellow, give us a sup!—*Chorus.*

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were put together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear,
Before I'd part with you my dear!—*Chorus.*

LITTLE BARE-FOOT.

Standing where the bleak winds whistled
Round her small and fragile form,
Arms within torn garments nestled,
Standing there at night and morn:
Hundreds passing by unheeding,
'Cept to jostle her aside—
There, with bare feet cold and bleeding,
She in tones of anguish cried:
"Mister! Please give me a penny:
For, I've not got any Pa—
Please sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty,
And for them to us unknown,
We'll not forget our little "barefoots,"
They are heathens nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger,
As they hurriedly went by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her,
Pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her,
Heeding not the plaintive cry;
"I must have some bread for mother,
Or with hunger she will die:
Mister! Please give me a penny;
For, I've not got any Pa—
Please, sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"—*Chorus.*

There, one chilly day in Winter,
Bare-foot sat upon the pave;
Out-stretched were her little fingers,
But not pennies did she crave—
There, while begging bread for mother,
Death had chilled her little heart.
Yet each day, we see some other
Playing little Bare-foot's part;
"Mister! Please give me a penny;
For, I've not got any Pa—
Please, sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

I am thinking now of home, among my native hills,
And though afar thro' distant lands I roam,
The mem'ries of the past my heart with longing fills,
To see the darling little ones at home.
Ah! now their forms I seem to see,
Far o'er the rolling ocean's foam,
And hear their voices ringing in merry, childish glee,
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

CHORUS.

The little ones at home, the little ones at home,
I long to see the little ones at home,
And hear their voices ringing in merry, childish glee,
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft before,
And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light,
But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore,
As they seemed at home one year ago to-night.
Sadly my heart still turns to thee,
Wherever I may chance to roam
I hear your voices ringing in merry, childish glee,
Oh, I long to hear the little ones at home.—*Chorus.*

May guardian angels still their vigils o'er thee keep,
May heaven's choicest blessings on thee rest,
Till I am safely borne across the stormy deep,
And meet again with those I love the best.
Soon, soon your faces I shall see,
Never, nevermore from thee to roam,
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry, childish glee,
Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

CHORUS.

The little ones at home, the little ones at home,
I long to see the little ones at home,
Soon shall I hear your voices in merry, childish glee,
Proclaim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally;
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the va'ley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies,

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide.
Listen to the mocking-bird, &c.

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
When the charms of Spring awaken,
And the mocking-bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since Hally is no longer with me now.
Listen to the mocking-bird, &c.

LITTLE SWEETHEART, COME AND KISS ME

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Just once more before I go;
Tell me truly, will you miss me,
As I wander to and fro?
Let me feel the tender pressing
Of your ruby lips to mine,
With your dimple hands caressing,
And your snowy arms entwine.

CHORUS.

Ah! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper, sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I wander to and fro.

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
We may never meet again!
We may never roam together
Down the dear old shady lane.
Future years may bring us sorrow
That our hearts may little know,
Still of care we should not borrow—
Come and kiss me ere I go.

CHORUS.

Ah! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper, sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me,
As I wander to and fro.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

Little footsteps soft and gentle,
 Gliding by our cottage door ;
 How I love to hear their trample,
 As I heard in days of yore !
 Tiny feet that traveled lightly
 In this weary world of woe,
 Now silent lie in yonder church-yard,
 'Neath the dismal grave below.
 Little footsteps, soft and gentle,
 Gliding by our cottage door ;
 How I love to hear their trample,
 As I heard in days of yore !

(HORUS.

Little footsteps, soft and gentle,
 Gliding by our cottage door ;
 How I love to hear their trample,
 As I heard in days of yore !

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
 By the golden river's shore,
 And my heart it yearns with sadness,
 When I pass that cottage door.
 Sweetly now the angels carol
 Tidings from our loved one far,
 That she still does hover o'er us,
 And will be our guiding star.
 She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
 By the golden river's shore,
 And my heart it yearns with sadness,
 When I pass that cottage door.—*Chorus.*

Little footsteps now will journey
 In the world of sin no more,
 Ne'er they'll press the sand-banks lightly,
 By the golden river's shore.
 Mother, weep not ; father, grieve not ;
 Try to smooth your troubles o'er,
 For I'll think of her as sleeping,
 Not as dead, but gone before.
 Little footsteps now will journey
 In the world of sin no more,
 Ne'er they'll press the sand-banks lightly,
 By the golden river's shore.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

The Spring had come, the flowers in bloom,
The birds sung out their lay,
Down by a little running brook
I first saw Maggie May.
She had a roguish jet-black eye,
Was singing all the day ;
And how I loved her, none can tell,
My little Maggie May !

CHORUS.

My little witching Maggie,
Maggie singing all the day ;
Oh ! how I love her, none can tell,
My little Maggie May.

Though years rolled on, yet still I loved
With heart so light and gay,
And never will this heart deceive
My own dear Maggie May.
When others thought that life was gone,
And death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one,
And that was Maggie May.—*Chorus.*

May heaven protect me for her sake ;
I pray, both night and day.
That I, ere long, may call her mine,
My own dear Maggie May.
For she is all the world to me,
Although I'm far away,
I oft-times think of the running brook
And my little Maggie May.—*Chorus.*

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

I am going far away,
Far away to leave yon now;
To de Mississippi River I am going;
I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing dis little song
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cabin Home;
Here is my sister and my brother;
Here lies my wife, de joy of my life,
And my child in de grave with its mother?

I am going to leave dis land,
With dis our darkey band,
To travel all dis wide world o'er;
And when I get tired,
I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home,—*Chorus.*

When old age comes on
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up de banjo all alone,
I'll set down by de fire,
And I'll pass de time away,
Away done in my Old Cabin Home.—*Chorus.*

'Tis dere where I roam,
Away down on the old farm,
Where all de darkies are free;
Oh! merrily sound de banjo,
For de white folks round de room,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.—*Chorus*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

The moss-cover'd vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield ;
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.

OLD LOG CABIN BY THE STREAM.

Oh ! they call me Uncle Joe, I was bred and born, you know,
In a pleasant spot not far away from here ;
When I think of days gone by, it almost makes me cry,
For my birthplace that I've always loved so dear,
I used to play the banjo, just beside the cabin door,
And watch the children dancing on the green ;
But them days are past and gone, and they never will return
Since I left my old log cabin by the stream.

CHORUS.

Will I hear the darkies' voices as I used to years ago ?
Yes, we're waiting to receive you, Uncle Joe ;
Oh ! it seems to me a dream, hark ! list to the tambourine,
Oh ! the sound comes from my cabin by the stream.

Oh ! I know I soon sh'ld die, and it almost makes me cry,
When I've got to leave the spot where I was born ;
I have traveled far alone, just to see my dear old home,
But I thought that all the colored folks had gone.
But now I think I'm wrong, yet I'll sing my little song,
For everything to me seems like a dream ;
When the darkies hear my voice, it will make their hearts rejoice,
For I've come to see my cabin by the stream.

CHORUS.

Will I hear the darkies' voices as I used to years ago ?
Yes, we're waiting to receive you, Uncle Joe ;
Oh ! it seems to me a dream, hark ! list to the tambourine
Oh ! the sound comes from my cabin by the stream.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down on the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's wha the old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'ry where I roam;
Oh, darkies, now my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd—
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die.—*Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?—*Chorus.*

OLD WOODEN ROCKER.

There it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker so stately and tall !
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses the back parlor room.
Oh, how well I remember, in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I,
And we listen'd to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker, we all lov'd so well.

CHORUS.

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock ;
Eighty years she had sat in that chair, grim and tall—
In that old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh, the tales it could tell,
How poor, aged grandpa, in fierce battle fell ;
'Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,
He cherished his freedom—the red, white and blue.
It could tell of bright days, and of dark ones, beside,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride ;
This is why we all love it, this old chair grim and tall—
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.—*Chorus.*

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done ;
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one ;
'They have all gone to meet her "In the sweet by-and-bye,"
And all that is left is dear sister and I.
Never more will we hide her gold specs or her cap ;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap ;
Never more will she slumber in that chair, grim and tall—
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.—*Chorus.*

NELLY RAY.

I love a little country queen,
A village beauty rare,
With rosy cheeks and pearly teeth,
And lovely nut-brown hair;
Her waist it is so slender,
And her feet they are so small;
Of all the girls I ever loved,
My Nelly beats them all.

CHORUS.

Nelly Ray, Nelly Ray, charming little Nell,
Nelly Ray, Nelly Ray, charming little belle;
Nelly Ray, like birds of May, singing all the day,
I never had a sweetheart like my charming Nelly Ray.

Her father keeps a farm house,
In a village down in Kent,
And being on my holidays,
To spend them there I went,
And while a-strolling through the fields,
As on my way I roamed,
That's where I met my Nelly,
As she drove the cattle home.—*Chorus.*

I took my Nelly for a walk,
Among the bright green grass,
And words of love I whispered,
To this young country lass;
I placed my arms around her waist,
As I sat by her side,
And while we were a-talking,
She pledged to be my bride.—*Chorus.*

And now we've named the happy day,
And how happy we shall be—
No thoughts of jealousy shall enter
The minds of her or me,
But in our farm house
We'll be happy night and day,
And our lives shall pass like sunshine,
For I have the brightest ray.—*Chorus.*

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear ;
Bonney Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
The lassie blush'd, and, frowning, cried,
" Na, na, it winna do ;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle t' "

Jockey was a wag that ne'er wad wed,
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass ;
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonney Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
Yet still she blush'd, and, frowning, cried,
" Na, na, it winna do ;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were na few,
She gi'd him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd forever be true.
Bonney Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
At church she nae mair, frowning, cried,
" Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

Answer to "SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN."

YOUR LASSIE WILL BE TRUE.

Though seas now divide, and the mountains so wide,
I'll never once forget you far away ;
But I'll treasure still the flower that you gave me one sweet hour,
When we watched the lads and lassies dancing gay ;
You've longed for my coming, and I've wept bitter tears,
Your Scotch lassie still is your own ;
She never will be false, for her heart she left with you,
No ! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie will be true.

CHORUS.

Oh, laddie, my laddie far away,
Still would your darling die for you ;
She never will be false, ah, no ! no matter what they say,
No ! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.

Then, love, don't forget that I think of you yet,
'Mid Scotland's bonnie hills across the sea ;
And though far away I roam, ah ! I know there is a home,
That is waiting there, my own, for you and me ;
I come to you, laddie, like the bird to its nest,
For still I am praying for you ;
Of all this world so fair I am loving you the best,
And your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.

CHORUS.

Oh, laddie, my laddie far away,
Still would your darling die for you
She never will be false, ah, no ! no matter what they say,
No ! your lassie, blue-eyed lassie, will be true.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends so dear!

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting, to-night, on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, Good-bye!—*Chorus.*

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes:
Others have been wounded long.—*Chorus.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground:
Many are lying near—
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears!—

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace:
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

I am thinking of the day when but a little child,
I wandered o'er the meadows to the hill
Where the sweet flowers grew, and forever growing wild,
And the stream e'er flowed by the mill.
But the old mill house has gone to decay ;
I loved it, and so did darling Kate,
And the miller he lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow,
And we played 'neath the turnpike gate.

CHORUS.

For the turnpike gate is the pride of my heart ;
I loved it, and so did darling Kate ;
When she sits beside me now, there's a smile upon her brow,
That reminds me of the turnpike gate.

And the old school house has gone to decay,
Where the schoolmaster heard us recite,
And those happy, happy days have faded from our view,
When our little hearts were filled with delight.
And when the school was out, we would wander to the spring,
Where I drew for you pictures on your slate,
And those happy childhood days they come again no more,
When we played on the turnpike gate.

CHORUS.

For the turnpike gate is the pride of my heart ;
I loved it, and so did darling Kate ;
When she sits beside me now, there's a smile upon her brow
That reminds me of the turnpike gate.

There's none like a Mother, if ever so poor.

You tell me you love me, I fain would believe,
And will make me your own bride, and never deceive ;
You offer to me your heart and your hand,
And make me the mistress of houses and land.
I am but a poor girl, the truth I will tell :
My mother's a widow, in yon cottage doth dwell ;
She who nursed me in sickness, with little in store,
Now I'll never desert her because she is poor.

You have promised me servants and carriages gay,
And, perhaps, to deceive me, and lead me astray ;
For some men they will flatter to destroy a girl's name,
And soon she's reduced to a sad life of shame,
And then she's insulted by each passer by ;
Her life is a burden, she could lay down and die,
While here I'm contented by our own cottage door ;
There's none like a mother, if ever so poor.

My dear father's words still ring in my ears ;
When dying he bid me my Maker to fear,
And be kind to my mother—from her never part ;
If I were to leave her, it would break her heart.
Still, if we were to marry, I should lead a sad life,
When your friends, that are rich, knew you'd got a poor wife ;
Your parents might slight me—it has been so before ;
I'll not leave my mother, altho' she is poor.

But if I were your equal, with wealth to command,
I'd willingly give you my heart and my hand,
And soothe every sorrow, dispel every care,
For there's truth in your face—I believe you're sincere.
If your parents would bless us, and give their consent,
We would all live together in peace and content,
Then my poor aged mother should sorrow no more,
For there's none like a mother, be she rich or poor.

TELL ME WHERE MY EVA'S GONE?

I had a dream, a happy dream :

I dreamt that I was free,
And in my own dear far off distant home,
I liv'd so fancy free.

SOLO.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's gone ;
She has left me here to sigh and to mourn ;
Can't you tell me where my Eva's gone !

CHORUS.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's gone ;
She has left me here to sigh and to mourn ;
Can't you tell me where my Eva's gone !

And in this that seemed a happy dream,
I was so proud and brave,
And when I woke and found 'twas but a dream,
I found myself a slave.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's, &c.

I long to dream that happy dream again ;
To see my home so fair ;
For now I roam where all is sad and drear,
And life is full of care.

Eva, Eva, tell me where my Eva's, &c.

SWEET BELLE MAHONE.

Soon beyond the harbor bar
Shall my bark be sailing far;
O'er the world I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye—
Hear, oh, hear my plaintive cry;
Sweet Belle Mahone.

CHORUS.

Sweet Belle Mahone,
Sweet Belle Mahone;
Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Lonely like a withered tree,
What is all the world to me?
Light and life were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Daisies pale are growing o'er
All my heart can e'er adore;
Shall I meet thee, ever more,
Sweet Belle Mahone?—*Chorus.*

Calmly, sweetly, slumber on,
(Only one I call my own!)
While in tears I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Faded now seems everything,
But when comes eternal Spring,
With thee I'll be wandering,
Sweet Belle Mahone.—*Chorus.*

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

In the merry month of June, when first from home I started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my grief and tears to smother;
Then, off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost or goblin;
With a pair of bran new brogues I rattled o'er the bogs—
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin!

The steam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones,
But, sure, the luggage van was too much for ha'pence.
For England I was bound, it would never do to baulk it;
For every step of the road, bedad! says I, I'll walk it!
I did not sigh or moan, until I saw Athlone,
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a babbling;
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.

For it is the rocky road, here's the rocky road, &c.

In Dublin I arrived: I thought it was a pity,
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city.
'Twas then I took a stroll, all among the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality.
Something crossed my mind, thinks I: I'll look behind,
No bundle could I find upon my stick a wobbling.
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road, &c.

A coachman raised his hand, as if myself was wanting;
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting,
Step up, my boy! says he; ah, ah! that I will with pleasure;
And to the strawberry beds I'll drive you at your leisure.
A strawberry bed! says I, faith! that would be too high,
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling.

He drove me out as far, upon an outside car;
Faith! such jolting never wor on the rocky road to Dublin!

For it is the rocky road, here's the road, &c.

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
The captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
But when I leaped on board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs, I played such rummy rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs with the waters round me babbling.
But when off Holyhead, I wished that I was dead,
Or safely put in bed, on the rocky road to Dublin.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road, &c.

The boys in Liverpool, when on the dock I landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
My blood began to boil, my temper I was losing,
And poor old Erin's Isle they all began abusing.
Hurrah! my boys, says I, my shillelah I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobble in;
Then, with a loud hurrah! they joined me in the fray;

Faugh-a-ballagh! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin!

For it is the rocky road, here's the road, &c.

ROLL ON SILVER MOON.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
About the beginning of June,
'Neath a jessamine shade, I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.
Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, silver moon, guide the, &c.

As the hart on the mountain my love was brave,
So handsome, so manly, and clever;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
He's cut down like a rose in full bloom;
He's fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Roll on, silver moon, guide the, &c.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave,
I'll embrace the cold turf and wash with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.
But never again shall my bosom know joy,
With my Edwin I hope to be soon;
Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, silver moon, guide the, &c.

ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Oh ! promise to meet me when twilight is falling ;
Beside the bright waters that slumber so fair ;
Each bird in the meadow your name will be calling ;
And every sweet rosebud will look for you there.
It's morning and evening for you I am sighing ;
The heart in my bosom is yours evermore ;
I'll watch for you darling, when daylight is dying,
Sweet rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Asthore.

My heart is a nest that is robbed and forsaken,
When gone from my sight is the girl that I love ;
One word from your lips can my gladness awaken—
Your smile is the smile of the angels above.
Then meet me at twilight beside the bright waters ;
The love that I have told you I'd whisper once more ;
Oh ! Sweetest and fairest of Erin's fair daughters,
Dear rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Asthore.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form meets their view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

When borne by the Red, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to the colors so true!
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

When borne by the Red, &c.

POOR OLD NED.

I once knew a darkey, his name was Uncle Ned ;
Oh ! he died long ago, long ago ;
He had no hair on the top of his head—
De place where de wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Lay down de shovel and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow ;
For dere's no more work for poor Old Ned ;
He's gone where de good darkies go.

His fingers were long, like the cane in de brake,
And he had no eyes for to see ;
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
So he had to let de hoe cake be.

CHORUS.

Lay down de shovel and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow ;
For dere's no more work for poor Old Ned ;
He's gone where the good darkies go.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
Oh ! de tears down massa's face ran like rain,
For he knew, when Ned was laid in de ground,
He'd never see his like again.

CHORUS.

Lay down de shovel and the hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow ;
For dere's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where de good darkies go.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

I would ask of you, my darling,
A question soft and low,
That gives me many a heartache,
As the moments come and go.
Your love I know is truthful,
But the truest love grows cold;
It is this that I would ask you;
Will you love me when I'm old?

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its ev'ning bells be toll'd,
And my heart will know no sadness,
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together,
We are sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor
Safe beyond the surging tide.
To-day our sky is cloudless,
But the night may clouds unfold,
And its storms may gather round us;
Will you love me when I'm old?
And its storms may gather round us,
Will you love me when I'm old?—*Chorus.*

When my hair shall shame the snowdrift,
And my eyes shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one,
In the valley as I go.
I would claim of you a promise,
Worth to me a world of gold;
It is only this, my darling,
That you'll love me when I'm old,
It is only this, my darling,
That you'll love me when I'm old.—*Chorus.*

WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

In sailing along the river of life,
Over its waters wide,
We all have to battle with trouble and strife,
And wait for the turn of the tide.
Men of each other are prone to be jealous,
Hopes are illusions, and not what they seem ;
Life and its pleasures, philosophers tell us,
Go floating away like a leaf on the stream.

CHORUS.

Then try to be happy and gay, my boys,
Remember the world is wide,
And Rome wasn't built in a day, my boys,
So wait for the turn of the tide.

Why people sit fretting their lives away,
I can't for a moment surmise,
If "life is a lottery," as they say—
We cannot all turn up a prize.
A folly it is to be sad and dejected—
If fortune shows favors, she's fickle beside,
And may knock at your door some fine day unexpected,
If you patiently wait for the turn of the tide.

Then try to be happy and gay, &c.

Man is sent into the world, we are told,
To do all the good that he can,
Yet how many worship the chink of the gold,
And never once think of the man.
If you are poor, from your friends keep a distance,
Hold up your head, tho' your funds are but small,
Once let the world know you need its assistance,
Be sure then you will never get it at all!

Then try to be happy and gay, &c

WHISPER SOFTLY, MOTHER'S DYING.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon she'll close her loving eyes;
Angels wait to bear her gently
To her home beyond the skies.
Kiss her lips, for soon she'll leave us—
Mother, clasp me to your breast,
As you did in days of childhood,
When you sang your child to rest,

CHORUS.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon she'll close her loving eyes;
Angels wait to bear her gently
To her home beyond the skies.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
Soon we'll miss the truest love,
And we'll miss the voice so loving,
When her spirit's flown above.
Mother, ask the shining angels,
Ask them if you cannot stay.
Who will care for us in sorrow,
When they've taken you away?
Whisper softly, mother's dying, &c.

Whisper softly, mother's dying,
And she'll tell us not to weep;
She'll watch o'er and protect us,
Through the night when we're asleep.
Darling mother, guide our footsteps,
Be with us from day to day;
Hark! the angels now are calling—
Mother dear has passed away.
Whisper softly, mother's dying, &c.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

SUNG BY MISS ADELAIDE NEILSSON.

When the little birds begin to sing
And the silv'ry notes from their yellow throats
Make the valleys and the woodlands ring
With their music soft and sweet,
I love to wander down beside the sea,
In the twilight's rays so dim,
And I watch each night by the moon's pale light,
For I'm waiting till my ship comes in.

CHORUS.

When the little birds begin to sing,
And the silv'ry notes from their yellow throats
Make the valleys and the woodlands ring,
Then I'm waiting till my ship comes in.

Oh, my love has gone across the sea,
For he sailed away on a Summer's day,
And he took my loving heart from me,
With his uniform so bright.
He sailed away with heart so light and gay,
In a ship so neat and trim,
And no joy I'll see till he comes back to me,
So I'm waiting till my ship comes in.
When the little birds begin to sing, &c.

Oh, they say he'll be a captain bold,
And will have command of a ship so grand,
But I'm waiting, too, for something more
When my love comes back to me.
For t' en I shall be dearer far to him
Than the rank he strove to win,
And my heart beats light as I watch to-night,
For I'm waiting till my ship comes in.
When the little birds begin to sing, &c.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

Jenny, my own true loved one,
I'm going far from thee,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea ;
How I will miss you my darling,
There when the storm is raging high ;
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

CHORUS.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by ;
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Will you then dream of me, love,
Will you your promise keep ?
And will I come to you, darling ?
Take courage, dear, and never sigh,
Gladness will follow sorrow,
Wait till the clouds roll by.—*Chorus.*

WHOA, EMMA!

SUNG BY TONY PASTOR.

I don't mind telling you
I took my girl to Kew,
And Emma was the darling creature's name.
While standing on the pier,
Some chaps at her did leer,
And one and all around her did exclaim :

CHORUS.

Whoa, Emma! Whoa, Emma!
Emma, you put me in quite a dilemma!
Oh, Emma! Whoa, Emma!
That's what I heard from Putney to Kew.

I asked them "what they meant?"
When some one at me sent
An egg which nearly struck me in the eye;
The girl began to scream,
Saying, "Fred, what does this mean?"
I asked again and this was their reply:
Whoa, Emma! &c.

I thought they'd never cease,
So shouted out "Police!"
And when he came he looked at me so sly.
The crowd they then me chaffed,
And said I must be daft!"
And once again they all commenced to cry:
Whoa, Emma! &c

An old man said to me
Young man, can't you see
The joke," and I looked at him with surprise.
He said, Don't be put out,
It's a saying got about,"
And then their voices seemed to rend the skies:
Whoa, Emma! &c

WRITE A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

WORDS BY E. BOWERS.—MUSIC BY D. P. ISAACS.

Raise me in your arms, my brother,
Let me see the glorious sun;
I am weary, faint, and dying—
How is the battle; lost or won?
I remember, you, my brother,
Sent to me that fatal dart;
Brother fighting against brother—
'Tis well—'tis well that thus we part.

CHORUS.

Write a letter to my mother,
Send it when her boy is dead—
That he perished by his brother,
Not a word of that be said.

Father's fighting for the Union,
And you may meet him on the field!
Could you raise your arm to smite him?
Oh! could you bid that father yield?
Brother, take from me a warning,
I'll soon be numbered with the dead.

Write a letter to my mother, &c.

Do you ever think of mother,
In our home within the glen,
Watching, praying for her children?
Oh! would you see that home again?
Brother, I am surely dying;
Keep the secret, for 'tis one
That would kill our angel mother,
If she but knew what you have done.

Write a letter to my mother, &c.